MOKO

A Serious Review

No 8

Price 10c up

KAISO '69

This Carnival season has produced a rich variety of calypsoes and uncovered the broad range of humour, style and tradition which is one of the better things to have emerged from cultural collision in Trinidad for hour after hour audiences were entertained by singers whose ages ranged from 18 to 60, and whose concerted effort is a most telling refutation both of the myth that nothing of worth has emerged from Trinidad, and or of Naipaul's assertion that West Indians are incapable of mature comedy.

Lord Iere's "Tribute to Executor" sung in traditional minor has been very well received. So has Pretender's excellent defence of Chalkdust, and of the individual's right to criticize the establishment. Pretender and Iere were in effect harking back to a time when the politician and the calypsonian were sometimes one and the same person, and the politician recognized a need for the close self-identification with the public which the calypsonian has to show. It was more than nostalgia for a dead past that earned them applause. One sensed the more positive question, "Why has it ceased to be so."

By GORDON ROHLEHR

To Hell with the Ministry

Significantly enough Chalkdust one of the young set, has been popular because he has successfully returned to a traditional style of commentary. His "Reply to the Ministry" is sung in the plaintive minor key of old *sans humanite* tunes. Together with his "Letter" it provides devastating insight into the corruption, fraud and paradox which permeate the society from top to bottom. The true subverts and enemies of the society, Chalkdust says, are not people like Stokely Carmichael, but

"men who join parties to get power
And give their friends big work after,"

"rackeeters in our nation." The list he supplies is almost as large as the nation itself.

Chalkdust's success has been reinforced by his skill in suggesting that he is merely reporting what everyone else has been saying. He implies that officialdom's treatment of the calypsonian is really an index of their contempt for the ordinary citizen. Together with Pretender he warns the nation that they are responsible for the death or survival of their own cultural forms.

Zebra and Cypher

There has been a note of seriousness too, in commentary on civil rights and the black renaissance Zebra's "Rhodesia" has evoked mixed reactions. One cannot avoid comparing it with Cypher's effort two years ago. Cypher then reduced a serious situation to absurdity, and found in mockery both a means of expressing, and a release from, a sense of injustice. Zebra's anger was direct and bitter, with none of the sophisticated evasion of the issues which is the danger of calypso irony.

Masking

A general point can be made here about wit in Trinidad, and indeed about the whole spirit of Carnival. Wit is often a mask behind which the individual hides the fact that he has no face at all. It can be a means of evading truth about self and milieu, a way of "calling it George", a wry expression of paralysis. On the other hand, it is equally a means of confronting truth, something more than simple pose. When the calypsonian sings about painful truth, he generally has to pose as posing, that is, he has to convey the impression that he is posing even when he isn't. Chalkdust's two calypsoes are a good and serious example of this. So was Cypher's "Rhodesia" and Sparrow's "Solomon Out." The society sometimes does not accept truth except it comes dressed up as illusion. Then one begins to wonder whether it is the article or the wrapping, the sentiment or the style that they admire and accept. Zebra was a typical in his total rejection of pose and the directness of his indignation.

Black is Beautiful

This year has also seen Duke's "Black is Beautiful" and Stalin's "Tribute to Martin Luther King." offerings which have been accepted with enthusiasm by the audiences. Stalin's calypso is an impressively constructed record of King's utterances and beliefs. Duke is good too, but contains the tell-tale lines,

"Coloured *though* we are
Must never feel ourselves inferior."

They are hardly noticed because of the general impression of self confidence and conviction which Duke gives, but they are really a betrayal of the sentimentality which is part of the Caribbean sense of negritude. Progress is still the progress from "Nigger"to "Mister Nigger" which Sparrow noted years ago. We still feel the need to apologize for ourselves however mildly.

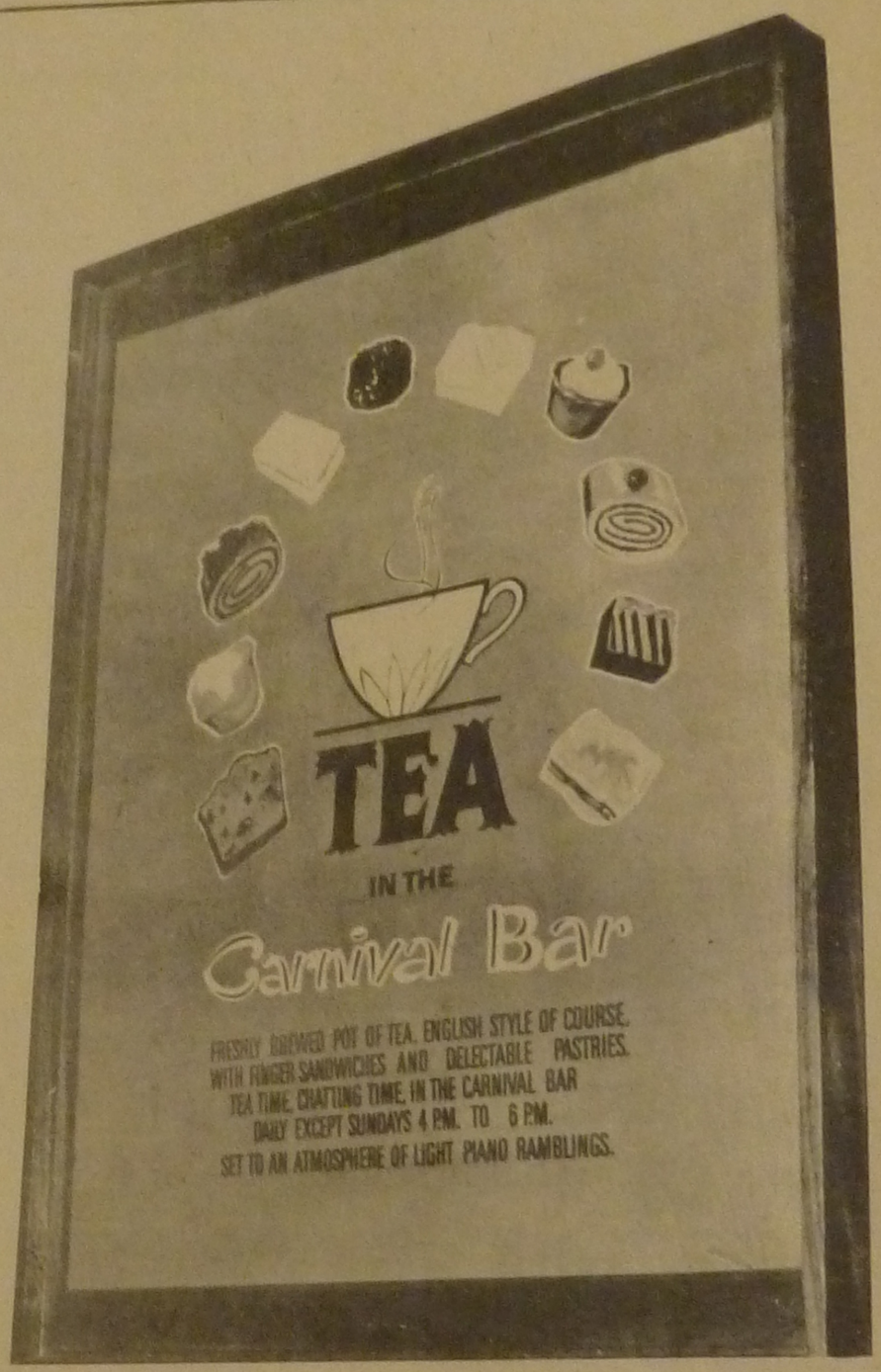
Cypher

What Duke is unquestionably good at is satirizing the lower-class social climber "I am Mrs. Joseph I ain't one-foot Visi again". The mockery is gentle, and is a refreshing respite from the total abuse which has been a trend in kaiso. Cypher too has been as impressive as ever in the homely humour of his calypso. His command over the audience is total, innocence and incredulity forming the perfect mask, behind which he laughs at the conman or the Press.

Sparrow has received mixed reactions from the audience, but the

Cont'd on Page Three.

SYMBOLS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"That the Conference recognising the special claims of B.W.I.A. to be the Regional Air Carrier, agrees that the Working Party established by the Fourth Conference of Commonwealth Caribbean Countries to consider the establishment of a Regional Carrier be directed to submit its report to Governments not later than 1st May, 1969."

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300,000 lbs pork in Government warehouse for more than one year Current market price of pork? $1.00 per pound. C.T.G!!!

IN FUTURE ISSUES

- *Fortnightly chess column*
- *Notes on West Indian History*
- *BWIA and the Summit*
- *Trinidad Revisited*
- *Unmuzzling the Civil Service*
- *Unemployment*
- *Jamaica Music*
- *Book Reviews*
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ALL CONTRIBUTIONS WILL BE GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGED.

Identity in the Poetry of Walcott

By

WINSTON HACKETT

"I am no anarchist", Walcott once admitted in the 'Guardian', "but a pretty dull bourgeois". More revealing than this wry confession, is his silence in the face of recent movements in the Caribbean. To lusty chauvinists and Saint-Simons, he must seem a soft hermaphrodite.

That 'dull bourgeois' grin conceals. Behind it is the anguish of a highly sensitive mind torn between opposites: the stupor of a tropical reality, and the 'blind memory' of a an African innocence; calm intimations of a boyhood Eden, and the squalid world of later awareness; the matrix of an alien tongue and a language more appropriate to his situation; acceptance of personal dispossession, as inauthentic; the 'pleasures of exile', and the 'self-creating peace of islands'. His is a poetry of paradox, not fulfilment, self-examination, not destiny. Throughout his phased and strikingly coherent body of work, ambiguities persist.

Relies on Tradition

This anguish is understandable To any poet intent on achieving Yeats' 'unity from a mythology that marries us to rock and hill', the West Indies must seem a waste. Its landscapes, devoid of ruins, yield little to the imagination. The stage is bare of any indigenous elements whose rootedness would have been basic to myth. All traces of pre-Columbian culture have been wiped from our islands, surviving only in the Heartlands of Harris, the Guyanese interior.

To add to this disability, the very medium used by the poet, that of language, plays traitor to him. Even more heavily than the novelist, he relies on tradition. His imagination is the product of distant cultures. The word is fraught with alien attitudes and associations. A word like 'fields', for instance, carries resources not recognizably West Indian. By his unashamed use of English in describing private conflict, Walcott has revealed one of our major problems: the disjunction of language and consciousness from reality, the estrangement of the writer from his world.

Bitterness

It is a long reliance on alien echoes that one observes in 'In a Green Night', in poems like 'Ruins of a Great House', 'Castiliane', 'Conqueror', 'Prise Manner and even in a 'West Indian' poem like 'Return to D'Ennery: Rain'. Contrast the latter in which the poet, fairly secure in his attachments, isolates his grief, with 'Laventille' in 'The Castaway', where disease is more pervasive, and the bitterness betrays the hysteria of a mind newly weaned from Shakespeare and the Metaphysicals, confronting an island predicament in all its nakedness. Except for one long poem, Walcott has never really, shown us that 'audicity of imagination' that he finds in Harris, that immediacy of vision that can charge the most band of tableaux.

The spirit of his work is not revolutionary (not that he refrains from raging at white business corporations etc. - that is not poetry). He discovers, he names, but his images never erupt. They remain static. 'The Castaway' however, is a new phase in his development. As with 'The Wasteland' of Eliot, what strikes the reader here is his attempt to cast the net of language on intractable material, to make poetry from the 'anti-poetic', to create metaphors from a barren present.

Undoubtedly, the greatest dilemna facing the West-Indian poet, and indeed, all West Indians, is the apparent meaninglessness of history. Joyce's "History is a nightmare from which I'm trying to awaken", is quite applicable to us. Africa - the West Indies - slavery - emancipation - independence. These are susceptible to a purely chronological and deterministic treatment, the subject of the bloodless analyst with schemes for 'change'. But what can be abstracted from it? What did we create? When did we begin? Who was this ancestral creature, the slave? We stand locked between a spiritless past and an unimaginable future. It is the lot that makes all our efforts in politics, our schemes in education, our industrial programmes, look like frenzied exertions in a void.

> 'For we
> who have cre
> ated nothing
> must exist
> on nothing.'

Perhaps if we could rage at those who put us here, we could effect a break with this stupor. But at whom? The enemy is elusive. The governors are gone, the islands manned by black Napoleons. Whiteness is only half the enemy. It is what we condemn, but to which, consciously or unconsciously, we all aspire. Like the American Negro, the West-Indian is dispossessed. Unlike the American Negro, he has never faced that terrible white power-structure that has made black definition there possible. His history has changed so drastically, that he cannot hate. He must yearn for foreign situations. He cannot relate himself to himself. The crippled freedom of the effing negro man, has so far, been our sole triumph. Self-contempt in self-acceptance.

Given these impossibilities, it is easy to see why West Indian poets are so few, why so many turned to the novel, why so many who remain poets have tended to graduate to either of two extremes: the throaty belligerence of Antony la Rose, on the one hand, and the the sterile hedonism of Hendriks and Collymore, on the other. Both sides have missed tensions inherent in their predicament.

These are the tensions Walcott has captured. He can 'rage' at 'ancestral murderers and poets' like Raleigh and Drake and yet, in the end, achieve catharsis through kinship with Donne, can plumb the depths of despair, and humbly acknowledge the malaise as personal can accept a childhood of 'candy-striped innocents' and sweets and, still discern beneath, a profound absence. At times, the poet lapses into the cynicism of total refusal, as in those 'Tales of the Islands' – "Great stuff, old boy; sacrifice; moments of truth"– at others, indulges in a thrilling celebration of what is: be it the eclectic chaos of folks ritual in 'Pocomania', or the sensuousness of island scenery in 'A Sea-Chantey'.

Major Achievement

Between 'In a Green Night' and 'The Castaway' in the 'Selected Poems', comes the watershed work, the immense and amazingly sustained 'Origins', It is his major achievement. Some of the forces for this work had been gathered in the shorter but brilliant 'Bronze', where a mask is unriddled, and the brute processes of history are revealed. Other earlier elements come to a head here also – a rich and secure childhood an awareness of loss etc.

'Origins' is an odyssey through a haze of myths, that culminates in the explorer's passionate self-discovery at green beginnings. It starts with the primitive communing with the primal, birth-giving sea. The sea in Walcott is both giver and reclaimer, nourisher and destroyer.

> 'Nameless I came among olives
> of algae,
> Foetus of plankton, I remember nothing.

A consciousness of absence. There is no memory of the autochthonous Indian whose past, Bulbrook's account cannot evoke. The figuer progresses backwards, by way of memory, through the worlds of early consciousness, Egypt, Greece, through vivid recollections of St. Lucia seen through the eyes of childhood, with its contrasts of beauty and wretchedness.

> 'O clear brown tongue of the
> sunwarmed sunrooted Frommasse
> Of laundresses and old leaves

These images have the force of hallucinations, the logic of dreams. They happen, multiplying one another. But this italicised celebration of innocence is tragic. Tragic, since the tortured primitive must grope beyond these ghosts of memory to seize the real truth of his being.

> 'As the crab's claws move backwards through the sand,
> Blind memory grips the putrefying flesh.

These follow an amazingly imaginative interpretation of 'what happened': the assimilation of a new tongue, the obliteration of an ancestral past, the degradation of history – all this, and the effect of mystery is retained.

Colonial Languor

> 'Was it not then we asked for a new song,
> As Colon's vision gripped the buried branch?
> For the names of bees in the surf of white frangipani,
> With hard teeth breaking the bitter almonds of consonants . .

But it does not stop at despair. It surges blindly on, refusing the illusions born of forgetfulness and surrender, the 'somnolence' of rivers, their 'brown studies, their long colonial languor, their old Egyptian sickness' sundering the ties with dead civilizations, and ending in an earthbound apotheosis of

> 'those whose back on hillsides
> buckles on the word
> To sow the grain of Guinea in
> months of the dead . . . . .
> Those who conceive the birth
> of white cities in a raindrop
> And the annihiliation of races
> in the prism of the dew?

These lines are revolutionary. Revenged, the primitive is at one with his world. The vital racial is there. Both West Indian and West Indies are defined. 'The flesh , the bone, the earth, the stone in the language of Wallace Stevens. With the possible exceptions of Carter's University of Hunger', no world so conveys a feeling of having travelled, of having survived.

But the trauma remains. It is sharp in 'The Castaway. The themes are loneliness, dread, withdrawal. In the first poem, we see a man shipwrecked on a nameless shore, crucified on its emptiness. The objects named in this void are all stunned in the present, without past or destiny. This same stasis is sensed in the final stanza of the poem 'Laventille'.

> 'Some crib, some grill of light
> clanged shut on us in bondage ,

The sole sustaining myth in this vacuum is that of - Crusoe screening himself from the void with art, protected by his neuroses, nourished by self-love.

Terrible Isolation

Yet, in certain poems in 'The Castaway' we sense Walcott's doubts about the sufficiency of his vocation. In one at least, 'Crusoe's Isle', he bluntly admits its inadequacy.

> 'My skill
> Is not enough'.

The very making of art seems to have become for him what by projection, he suggests it has become for Naipaul, a kind of Mimicry.

> 'and since the intellect demands
> its mask
> that suncracked bearded face
> provides us with the wish to
> dramatize
> ourselves at nature's cost.'

In this terrible isolation, the question "Who am I?" becomes more urgent.

How important, so far, is his contribution? He has deepened our awareness of the conflicts inherent in our situation, and by a sensitive reaction to his environment, has helped to wed us to the world in which we happened to find ourselves. Mr. James' observation suits him well: that the West Indian, in searching for an identity, is expressing one.

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MOKO

The current Test series in A
for one thing. It has reduced We
has forced us, in this field too, to r
to rescue our pride in these last, f
for its joys but for its sorrows. It
West Indian cricket has confront
cricket.

Like the West Indies, West
decolonised. Gone are the days
or high coloured. The general pr
cricketers with the experience or
exploding with talent, the insight
have all finally freed us, we woul
of Queen's Park, Georgetown and K
remain to be made to make cricke
in due course they will be made.

Out of that struggle first Wor
revolution rescued the game from
and May had helped sink it. The
our Australian achievement of 19
Indies who, in the decade of the s
in the game. Despite our example
victory, and it is only now that th
fire which the West Indies lit in 19

A factor in the rise of the We
leadership. One avoids the word
not the skills of the narrow profes
thing. He had a great team, well-ba
all rounders and batsmen capable
world; in fact they often did. B
His special gift was that, a cricketer
who were also cricketers. He com
the ability to orchestrate the energ
What impressed most was his calm
and with the retirement of Hunte a
team has quite obviously suffered.

Another reason for Worrell's
of the folk-hero with academic sta
adept at blending academic achie
something that few other West Ind
tainment, have been able to do.
independent West Indian team. He
at stake whenever the decolonised
was aware of the racial and natio
being played. He knew how flimsy
thoroughly it reflected the insular
At the same time, he never allowed
cricket was, above all, a game; in
ends did not justify every means.
with the right blend of ruthlessness a

That he knew how much ha
was obvious from his disapproval
World XI. The part could never b
folly, and could destroy what rema
we lacked in the West Indies was
and backbone. Worrell would no
cricket rode the crest of the wave
in the late sixties. He knew that o

The fruit of Worrell insight ha
torically important reign of the We
which Sobers has been the domina
under Alexander and Goddard with
has of late become the team's consta

There is, therefore, little s
Australia have evoked bitter respo
now continue to blame him. So
department of the game most re
been so poor. Our batting has been
All sorts of reasons are being advan
have grown stale from too much cri
golf and horses to cricket, and is ne
that he should be excluded from th
that both Barbados and Jamaica see
Test teams. And to this chorus of
added the usual yappings of the fo
where they cannot conquer. Th
against Sobers are familiar.

What then is the real explana
not Worrell's team. We have as yet
fast bowlers are over the hill. Secon
is the arriviste hero, whose self-asse
for emancipation. In this respect
stantly to need to prove his ide
general predicament into personal
result of team effort, often seems to

And some white journalists, pa
encouraged this notion. Not only
cracks in our armour but in the pa
for past humiliations at the hands
give them comfort to say that it was
beating them over the last few years
exceptional and forget that a team

Sobers's unsuccess as a cap
technically qualified men, but a
"What qualities must an essentially
him an effective leader of West Indi
of cricket as a gentleman's game is
gized for Griffith's perfectly ob
Griffith, in fact, demonstrates some
mindedness which will be necessa
already knows that it isn't necessa
rights.

...IBIE

...it ends, will be memorable
...to life-size proportions and
...ortality. Whatever happens
...ur will be remembered not
...red too because once again
...which are not only about

...for some time now been
...captains had to be white
...acy, the absence of white
...predominantly black team
...of men like C.L.R. James,
...m the excessive tyrannies
...bs. A few adjustments yet
...ar, West Indian sport, and
...es of the struggle are over.
...s emerged. The Brisbane
...nism into which Hutton
...of 1963 put the cap on
...ost part it was the West
...hatever vitality remained
...ued to be tedious even in
...ally and truly caught the

...was, of oourse, Worrell's
...n. Worrell's skills were
...adership was not every-
...bowlers, slow bowlers,
...her combination in the
...or Worrell's leadership.
...w to handle other men
...and assurance, and had
...m for the task in hand.
...crisis. With his death,
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...o combine the quality
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MOKO

Rupununi

In order to evaluate what significance the Rupununi revolt has had for Venezuela, it is necessary to view the revolt as part of Venezuela's approach to resolving the border dispute.

There is no doubt that a significant portion of public opinion in Venezuela is beginning to feel restless about the slow pace at which the dispute is being settled. Many now look at the Geneva agreement which provides procedures for peacefuls ettlement,a s having achieved virtually nothing, except to give the Burnham Government an opportunity to attempt to discredit Venezuela in the eyes of the world by making charges of 'imperialism and aggression.'

In addition, Venezuelans themselves are also doubtful about the possibilities of achieveng their ends by the other procedures set out in the Geneva accord.

If the matter should be taken to the General Assembly, on the failure of the Mixed Commission to make any headway, Venezuela is likely to lose, since Guyana should obtain the majority of the Afro-Asian votes which would be decisive.

The Venezuelans are quite aware of this. Further, since Venezuela does not have sufficient evidence to prove complicity in the Arbitral Award of 1899, Arbitration and Judicial Settlement seem to offer little hope to her, even though she claims to have an original map of Guyana Esequibo demarcating her territory from the River Essequibo.

In this position of uncertainty and despair, Venezuela is attempting to undertake all measures short of war to boost her claim to the territory. An act of war under the present circumstances would fruther destroy her present weak l egal position, as it would incur a serious violation of the Geneva Accord and it would certainly be considered as an act of aggression by world opinion, with possible serious consequences for her.

Prospects

The Rupununi revolt therefore has to be seen as one of these measures short of war, which was used by Venezuela as an instrument of propaganda to demonstrate her claim and possibly as a way of strengthening her diplomatic position vis-a-vis the Mixed Commission - a move which does not seem to have much prospects anyway.

Since it is safe to say that even the Venezuela Government hardly expected that such a revolt would succeed without its military participation, the primary objective can be said to be propagandistic.

In this respect, by denying any assistance to the rebels, even in the light of overwhelming evidence to the contrary, Venezuela tried to make it appear as a spontaneous revolt by her 'compatriotos' (Venezuela considers all the Amerindians in the Essequibo Region as her citizens in view of her claims to the territory), who were being subjected to 'racial discrimination and tyranny "on the part of the Burnham Government who wanted to settle the land with his party members.

Racial Discrimination

This had tremendous emotive appeal in Venezuela where the whole event was viewed "as a tragedy on Venezuela soil where Venezuelans were being mal-treated and deprived of their places of birth and property rights." Guyana was seen as a violator of the Geneva Agreement and the Convention on Human Rights. The clamour for their protection was loud.

The indulgence into this type of propaganda can be said to have one main function, that of attempting to legitimize military invasion of the territory.

If Venezuela could demonstrate to the world, that by pursuing a policy of "racial discrimination and violations of property rights," the Guyanese Government is committing a breach of the Geneva Agreement, then this may give her sufficient ground for taking military action which is the only means both in the short and long-run, that would most probably give her the territory, notwithstanding her weak legal position.

Popular Support

In some sense, one can therefore argue that the Rupunini revolt by, not having as great popular support as Venezuela expected, did not serve Venezuela's purpose as much as she would have liked.

The fact is that the Rupununi Revolt has to be viewed as part of a whole strategy by Venezuela to continuously stir up disturbances in the reclaimed region in order to provide grounds for military action which at present does not have its required legitimacy.

THE VOICE OF THE PAN–MAN

You hear the voice of the Pan-Man?
He say that you young and free.
You hear the voice of the Pan-Man?
He say you must come with me . . .
I mightn't have any money
But I have the sunlight above me
And life will be milk and honey
If you will just love me.

While the time is young and
While you know you can, man,
Join the baccanal and
Jump behind the Pan-Man
He'll teach you to swing in the sun
And sing as you pass along
So move to the pan
For the Pan-Man is king of life,
rhythm and song.

You hear the voice of the Pan-Man?
He say that life can be hard
You hear the voice of the Pan-Man?
Even here in Trinidad
When sun paste the skin to the bone
and
The river dry up down a' gully
No amount of love can
Bring back peace in the valley.

Though you hear the Pan-Man
Crying through the leaf
Telling you that man can
Celebrate his grief
Though he says the purest kaiso
Is wrung from the heart of steel
You stare at the sun
Till the hurricane bring rain and
flood up the field.

You hear the voice of the Pan-Man?
He say that in spite of all
You hear the voice of the Pan-Man?
You are not supposed to bawl.
Either you take it or leave it
Accept everything, not to worry.
Even when the sun bring drought
He still in a hurry.

So, before the day fade and
While you think you can, man,
Join the masquerade and
Wheel behind the Pan-Man.
The juice will dry up in the cane
And love will not last too long
So spin to the pan
Feel delirium in your bones and
Trip to the song.

MOKOJUMBIE

Cont'd from Page One.

total impression is that despite his skill and virtuosity and the popularity of several of his tunes, there is a gap between singer and crowd. It may be that Sparrow is experiencing a crisis in identity similar to the one described by Sammy Davis in his autobiography, when he recalls his own failure to get home to the audience at one stage in his career. He discovered after some soul-searching that he cared more for his ego than for his audience, and the audience were able to sense this. Their reaction was to reduce and negate that ego by refusing to grant the star the approval of their applause.

Concern with Ego

Sparrow too has been seriously concerned with ego. One remembers his reaction years ago when he lost to Dougla. "They trying to make me look small." "I only want them to know, *my whole life* is calypso." More than any other he seems to need the group's approval of his elaborate poses and masks. It is perhaps his only assurance that a self exists behind the masks. Yet he has moved away from the crowd in his attempts to seek an international audience. Alert and responsive to every current trend, he has altered the calypso form to include the influences of the European and American lyric. On the hand this is nothing new, since calypso as a form has been in a state of perpetual flux, each generation adding to and transforming what they inherent from the past On the other hand one wonders whether it is not possible to go too far in innovation, until gimmicyr genuine transformation.'

Growing Concern

More significant is Sparrow's failure to comment on trends in the society last November he was quoted in the Press as saying that the calypsonian has ceased to be a satirist, he is now as entertainer. That Sparrow should haev made a distinction between these two ter distinction between these two terms is indicative of his growing divorce from the traditional spirit of kaiso where satire and entertainment were the same thing. Discarding satire and picong he has been left with the calypsonian's stock-in-trade : sex. But sex in Sparrow's kaisos has always been another mask, a pose, an image of his self-assertive masculinity, and of the wider quest for identity which this implies.

Kaiso '69

In comparison with Sparrow Kitchener seems a benevolent father-figure. His "Batimamselle" is much more subtly suggestive than Sparrow's "Cock-fighting" "Lizard" or "Sa Sa Ay!" Kitch has accepted his status with a grace and self-abnegation almost, of which Saprrow has so far been incapable. If he lacks Sparrow's vitality, Sparrow stands in some need of his maturity.

The Brynner Incident

Kitch's tent has an excellent M.C. in Stalin, and offers a broader variety of humour than Sparrow's – ranging from Composer's hilarious "Child-Training" to the farcical rivalry of Jackson and Fluke, and the disturbing picong which has arisen over the Brynner incident. Brynner's "Prisoner" is a moving unsentimental statement of the pressures he underwent in Jamaica, while Power's "The Millionaire" is a brilliant reply. The way the entire incident has been treated is an excellent example of how the society censures and forgives in the same breath.

Blakie

There is much more going on at the tents : Scaramouche's enthusiasm; Young Creole's pose of eccentricity, and Gibraltar's sinister dryness in "Hotels," but only time to dwell on Blakie's "How to Make a Road March," the most subtle bit of picong for the season. Blakie uncovers the audience's lack of standards, their surrender to the media, and consequently their automatic response to the established images of Sparrow and Kitch.

> But to make good lyrics
> Here you have a few tricks
> Never leave out words like bacchanal.
> Always put in words like Carnival
> Be sure to always rhyme
> And pronounce the word correck every time.

It is really a pity that Sparrow has told him "Get to hell outa here," proving himself the authoritarian figure he satirized four years ago.

The Courts As They Are

If our Courts are to earn the respect of all citizens, then those who have the misfortune to have business in them ought to be treated in a manner consistent with the premise that a Court is a place of dignity in which all are treated equally and that any person charged therein with a criminal offence is presumed to be innocent until the contrary is proved.

In the Sangre Grande Magistrate's Court it is a fairly frequent occurrence to see Police Officers extricating prisoners from handcuffs while they are actually standing before the Magistrate. Now the Police Manual states that "A person arrested, whether with or without warrant shall not be handcuffed or otherwise bound, except in a case of necessity or of reasonable apprehension of violence, or of attempt to escape, or by order of the Court or of a Magistrate or Justice."

Are we to believe that the prisoners in Sangre Grande are more prone to offend in the foregoing regards than others appearing in other Courts? Assuming that the use of handcuffs is justified, can't they be removed before the prisoners are brought before the Magistrate? Some weeks ago when a practicioner commented on the undesirability of having prisoners appear handcuffed before the Court, all the Presiding Magistrate said was "All right, Mr. Prosecutor let us get on with the case."

In this same Court it is common to see Defendants standing throughout their trial, although there is a bench provided for them to sit on and even when they are not involved in criminal proceedings. Nor is this treatment reserved only for those who are charged by the Police. Some weeks ago a woman, in an advanced state of pregnancy, was not invited to sit during the hearing of her complaint against her husband for maintenance.

This is certainly one Court in which one cannot complain about inequality of treatment!

At existing costs $2.00 per month from 400 persons , or $1.00 from 800 persons or 50 cents a month from 1600 persons or 25 cents per month from 3200 persons will insure the existence of this paper. Will you pledge a regular contribution ?

the of ott

of memory to seize the real truth of his being.

'As the crab's claws move backwards through the sand,
Blind memory grips the putrefying flesh.

These follow an amazingly imaginative interpretation of 'what happened': the assimilation of a new tongue, the obliteration of an ancestral past, the degradation of history — all this, and the effect of mystery is retained.

Colonial Languor

'Was it not then we asked for a new song,
As Colon's vision gripped the buried branch?
For the names of bees in the surf of white frangipani,
With hard teeth breaking the bitter almonds of consonants . . .

But it does not stop at despair. It surges blindly on, refusing the illusions born of forgetfulness and surrender, the 'somnolence' of rivers, their 'brown studies, their long colonial languor, their old Egyptian sickness' sundering the ties with dead civilizations, and ending in an earthbound apotheosis of

'those whose back on hillsides
buckles on the word
To sow the grain of Guinea in
months of the dead . . . . .
Those who conceive the birth
of white cities in a raindrop
And the annihiliation of races
in the prism of the dew?

These lines are revolutionary. Revenged, the primitive is at one with his world. The vital racial is there. Both West Indian and West Indies are defined. 'The flesh , the bone, the earth, the stone in the language of Wallace Stevens. With the possible exceptions of Carter's University of Hunger', no world so conveys a feeling of having travelled, of having survived.

But the trauma remains. It is sharp in 'The Castaway. The themes are loneliness, dread, withdrawal. In the first poem, we see a man shipwrecked on a nameless shore, crucified on its emptiness. The objects named in this void are all stunned in the present, without past or destiny. This same stasis is sensed in the final stanza of the poem 'Laventille'.

'Some crib, some grill of light
clanged shut on us in bondage ,

The sole sustaining myth in this vacuum is that of - Crusoe screening himself from the void with art, protected by his neuroses, nourished by self-love.

Terrible Isolation

Yet, in certain poems in 'The Castaway' we sense Walcott's doubts about the sufficiency of his vocation. In one at least, 'Crusoe's Isle', he bluntly admits its inadequacy.

'My skill
Is not enough'.

The very making of art seems to have become for him what by projection, he suggests it has become for Naipaul, a kind of Mimicry.

'and since the intellect demands
its mask
that suncracked bearded face
provides us with the wish to
dramatize
ourselves at nature's cost.'

In this terrible isolation, the question "Who am I?" becomes more urgent.

How important, so far, is his contribution? He has deepened our awareness of the conflicts inherent in our situation, and by a sensitive reaction to his environment, has helped to wed us to the world in which we happened to find ourselves. Mr. James' observation suits him well: that the West Indian, in searching for an identity, is expressing one.

the one hand, and the
hedonism of Hendriks
re, on the other. Both
issed tensions inherent
cament.

e the tensions Walcott
. He can 'rage' at
rderers and poets' like
Drake and yet, in the
catharsis through kin-
onne, can plumb the
spair, and humbly
he malaise as personal
childhood of 'candy-
nts' and sweets and,
eneath, a profound
imes, the poet lapses
sm of total refusal, as
s of the Islands' —
old boy; sacrifice;
ruth"— at others,
rilling celebration of
he eclectic chaos of
'Pocomania', or the
island scenery in

hievement

Green Night' and
in the 'Selected
e watershed work,
d amazingly sus-
It is his major
me of the forces
d been gathered
brilliant 'Bronze',
nriddled, and the
f history are re-
er elements come
lso — a rich and
an awareness of

odyssey through
that culminates
passionate self-
beginnings. It
mitive commun-
nal, birth-giving
Walcott is both
r, nourisher and

ne among olives

nkton, I remem-

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e autochthonous
Bulbrook's ac-
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ultiplying one
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ence is tragic.
tured primitive
these ghosts

MOKO

The current Test series in Aust
for one thing. It has reduced West
has forced us, in this field too, to reck
to rescue our pride in these last, fina
for its joys but for its sorrows. It w
West Indian cricket has confronted
cricket.

Like the West Indies, West Ind
decolonised. Gone are the days wh
or high coloured. The general press
cricketers with the experience or ski
exploding with talent, the insight and
have all finally freed us, we would
of Queen's Park, Georgetown and King
remain to be made to make cricket a
in due course they will be made. But

Out of that struggle first Worrel
revolution rescued the game from th
and May had helped sink it. The his
our Australian achievement of 1960-
Indies who, in the decade of the sixti
in the game. Despite our example, E
victory, and it is only now that the A
fire which the West Indies lit in 1961

A factor in the rise of the West I
leadership. One avoids the word ca
not the skills of the narrow professio
thing. He had a great team, well-bala
all rounders and batsmen capable of
world; in fact they often did. But
His special gift was that, a cricketer h
who were also cricketers. He combin
the ability to orchestrate the energies
What impressed most was his calm
and with the retirement of Hunte and
team has quite obviously suffered.

Another reason for Worrell's su
of the folk-hero with academic statu
adept at blending academic achieve
something that few other West India
tainment, have been able to do. H
independent West Indian team. He a
at stake whenever the decolonised
was aware of the racial and nationa
being played. He knew how flimsy w
thoroughly it reflected the insularit
At the same time, he never allowed
cricket was, above all, a game; in oth
ends did not justify every means.
with the right blend of ruthlessness an

That he knew how much had
was obvious from his disapproval o
World XI. The part could never be
folly, and could destroy what remain
we lacked in the West Indies was no
and backbone. Worrell would not
cricket rode the crest of the wave in
in the late sixties. He knew that our

The fruit of Worrell insight has
torically important reign of the Wes
which Sobers has been the dominan
under Alexander and Goddard with
has of late become the team's constant

There is, therefore, little surp
Australia have evoked bitter respons
now continue to blame him. Some
department of the game most requ
been so poor. Our batting has been
All sorts of reasons are being advanc
have grown stale from too much cric
golf and horses to cricket, and is neve
that he should be excluded from th
that both Barbados and Jamaica seem
Test teams. And to this chorus of in
added the usual yappings of the fore
where they cannot conquer. The
against Sobers are familiar.

What then is the real explanatio
not Worrell's team. We have as yet
fast bowlers are over the hill. Secon
is the arriviste hero, whose self-assert
for emancipation. In this respect h
stantly to need to prove his identity
general predicament into personal cha
result of team effort, often seems to be

And some white journalists, aide
encouraged this notion. Not only h
cracks in our armour but in the pro
for past humiliations at the hands of
give them comfort to say that it was
beating them over the last few years.
exceptional and forget that a team play

Sobers's unsuccess as a captain
technically qualified men, but a uni
"What qualities must an essentially
him an effective leader of West Indian
of cricket as a gentleman's game as S
gized for Griffith's perfectly comm
Griffith, in fact, demonstrates someth
mindedness which will be necessary
already knows that it isn't necessary
rights.

JMBIE

, however it ends, will be memorable
in cricket to life-size proportions and
with our mortality. Whatever happens
es, the tour will be remembered not
remembered too because once again
ith issues which are not only about

ricket has for some time now been
or instance, captains had to be white
of democracy, the absence of white
o captain a predominantly black team
e campaigns of men like C.L.R. James,
to hope, from the excessive tyrannies
n Cricket clubs. A few adjustments yet
uinely popular, West Indian sport, and
dourest phases of the struggle are over.
d then Sobers emerged. The Brisbane
ed pedestrianism into which Hutton
English tour of 1963 put the cap on
and for the most part it was the West
contributed whatever vitality remained
nd has continued to be tedious even in
ralians have really and truly caught the

n cricket team was, of oourse, Worrell's
ncy' with reason. Worrell's skills were
And yet his leadership was not every-
d and with fast bowlers, slow bowlers,
olishing any other combination in the
y were better for Worrell's leadership.
lf, he knew how to handle other men
skill and grace and assurance, and had
will of the team for the task in hand.
tery in times of crisis. With his death,
olomon who also shared this calm, the

s was his ability to combine the quality
nd a rare, sophisticated mind. He was
t with practical skill and modesty,
in any sphere, from politics to enter-
had the self-assurance to command an
had a clear political vision of the issues
countered their former masters. He
ontext in which the game was, and is
the unity of the West Indian team, how
nd schisms of the islands themselves.
consciousness to conceal the fact that
words he recognized that even the best
this it was that enabled him to lead
race.

d when the Federation had collapsed
Barabdos's plan to compete against a
ater than the whole. It was political
of West Indianness. He saw that what
alent, but policy, idea, moral direction
found it surprising that West Indian
early sixties, and drifted and foundered
cket would go wrong if our politics did.

en the chronologically short, but his-
ndies as world champions - a reign in
gure. He survived the wasteful years
scars than either Hall or Kanhai and
cuer.

that our dubious performances in
Accustomed to depend on Sobers we
g is clearly wrong. Our fielding, that
hard work and discipline, has never
predictable as in the old colonial days.
Sportswriters have suggested that we
n too short a time; that Sobers prefers
th the team. Some have even suggested
de; and it may be a sign of the times
be flirting with the notion of separate
y from within the West Indies must be
cricketing press determined to destroy
fifth campaign, and now the volleys

f our failures? Firstly, Sobers's team is
bstitute for Worrell or Hunte, and our
Sobers unlike the middle-class Worrell
has been a natural aspect of his struggle
sembles Sparrow. Sobers seems con-
himself and therefore translates the
ge, so that victory even when it is the
g to him alone.

and abetted by our own writers have
they seemed eager to prise open the
to provide an acceptable explanation
s black West Indian team. It seems to
e black rather than eleven who has been
e next step is to describe that black as
at all.

roves that the West Indian lacks not
ng idea. The real question raised is
king-class West Indian possess to make
. He clearly can't accept the dead idea
rs seems to have done when he apolo-
dable action in running out Redpath
of that certainty of action and single
the next phase of the struggle. He
r us to apologize when we assert our

Rupunu

In order to evaluate what significance the Rupununi revolt has had for Venezuela, it is necessary to view the revolt as part of Venezuela's approach to resolving the border dispute.

There is no doubt that a significant portion of public opinion in Venezuela is beginning to feel restless about the slow pace at which the dispute is being settled. Many now look at the Geneva agreement which provides procedures for peaceful ettlement,a s having achieved virtually nothing, except to give the Burnham Government an opportunity to attempt to discredit Venezuela in the eyes of the world by making charges of 'imperialism and aggression.'

In addition, Venezuelans themselves are also doubtful about the possibilities of achieveng their ends by the other procedures set out in the Geneva accord.

If the matter should be taken to the General Assembly, on the failure of the Mixed Commission to make any headway, Venezuela is likely to lose, since Guyana should obtain the majority of the Afro-Asian votes which would be decisive.

The Venezuelans are quite aware of this. Further, since Venezuela does not have sufficient evidence to prove complicity in the Arbitral Award of 1899, Arbitration and Judicial Settlement seem to offer little hope to her, even though she

THE VOICE OF THE PAN–MAN

You hear the voice of the Pan-Man?
He say that you young and free.
You hear the voice of the Pan-Man?
He say you must come with me . . .
I mightn't have any money
But I have the sunlight above me
And life will be milk and honey
If you will just love me.

While the time is young and
While you know you can, man,
Join the baccanal and
Jump behind the Pan-Man
He'll teach you to swing in the sun
And sing as you pass along
So move to the pan
For the Pan-Man is king of life,
rhythm and song.

You hear the voice of the Pan-Man?
He say that life can be hard
You hear the voice of the Pan-Man?
Even here in Trinidad
When sun paste the skin to the bone
and
The river dry up down a' gully
No amount of love can
Bring back peace in the valley.

Though you hear the Pan-Man
Crying through the leaf
Telling you that man can
Celebrate his grief
Though he says the purest kaiso
Is wrung from the heart of steel
You stare at the sun
Till the hurricane bring rain and
flood up the field.

You hear the voice of the Pan-Man?
He say that in spite of all
You hear the voice of the Pan-Man?
You are not supposed to bawl.
Either you take it or leave it
Accept everything, not to worry.
Even when the sun bring drought
He still in a hurry.

So, before the day fade and
While you think you can, man,
Join the masquerade and
Wheel behind the Pan-Man.
The juice will dry up in the cane
And love will not last too long
So spin to the pan
Feel delirium in your bones and
Trip to the song.

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No 8

A Serious Review

Price 10c up

Sugar or Society?

BY J.M. DUBÉ

The most impressive proposal relating to agriculture deriving from the Tripartite Conference on unemployment has been that ten thousand more acres of arable land should be used for growing more sugar-cane, if Caroni Limited the giant, wholly-owned local subsidiary of the multi-national colossus of the sugar world, Tate and Lyle, is allowed to have its way. This is no new role for the plantation owners. For centuries they have taken these decisions for us, from Guyana, up the islands to Jamaica, and now across into Ho nduras in recent years.

What is new, perhaps is the advanced publicity given to the proposal. The argument is the same, more employment,i.e. more workers with more purchasing power; more taxes to the government; more foreign earnings; more use of agricultural land, more foreign investment, and all the benefits that will accrue to the nation. The only trouble is we have heard this song before. For centuries we have endured this solicitude for our welfare. There are some - I dare say there are many - who have benefited from such extensions of metropolitan financial operations and expertise.

Doubts

Today though we question everything from a firm local intellectual base, and the advanced publicity, has given time for discussion, that is, if, characteristically, the government has not already decided.

As a matter of principle, the extension of sugar-cane monoculture in Trinidad should be resisted. Throughout the world of "have-not" countries, all the economic experts condemn the reliance of their national economies on one or two commodities. In fact, this reliance on one or two products is characteristic of the so-called "have-not" economies. This narrow base is universally condemned by all who care for these poor countries. Diversification of the economy is the obvious alternative and all attempts to effect this change in the structure of the economy are efforts in the right direction.

External Control

The massive unemployment which has now become the rationale for attempting to do otherwise has been with us for a long time. The Second Five Year Plan dealt with it in subdued tones. In 1966, the people of Trinidad heard that unemployment was the most important national problem. This is now being re-echoed by the government, who had at that time declared that that problem was being competently dealt with. But what did the Second Five Year programme propose as a solution to this growing rot in our midst? It said that it cannot be solved unless certain changes in the structure of the economy are made. Properly interpreted this undertaking should mean that the plantation system based on sugar-cane monoculture and the excessive reliance on the oil industry as we have known it should undergo funadmental reorganization.

Yet the conclusion and the commitment implied by this officia document, have resulted in a proposal which puts in peril all the fine words we have been accustomed to hear.

One of the real problems of the sugar industry is still the problem of external control . We hear from time to time that the price of sugar on the world market is low. It is low because the supply is too great for the demand. The implication is that the classical theory of such economic forces of supply and demand operate in a kind of natural, impersonal, God-ordained way, and there is nothing we can do about it apart from bearing our miserable lot of low returns when prices are low, and watching the intermediaries, stock-brokers, commission agents and the like make huge profits when prices are high.

Questionable

Of course, there is a lot we can do. Raul Prebisch, Argentinian economist of international reputation, has calculated that a ten per cent reduction in sugar production will bring more money into sugar producing countries by causing a rise in world prices. So we must ask ourselves, and ask Caroni Ltd., what will be the effect on world prices if 10,000 acres were planted in sugar-cane in 1968, having regard to the expansion in Honduras, and elsewhere around the world.

It is necessary to see this whole operation for what it is. It is the allocation of valuable natural resources of Trinidad and Tobago against a background of developments in the world trade in sugar which may, over the next five to ten years, be very unfavourable to our Interests. Any government bold enough so to allocate its resources must be apprised of all the relevant data locally and internationally.

Locally, the government must realise that another 10,000 acres will not be available for other agricultural activity. This involves what is called "opportunity costs." It seems rather strange that in this year of agriculture 1969 the best use government can find for 10,000 acres of fertile agricultural land is to hand them over to our traditional masters to extend their traditional control.

Prospects

If the production of sugar is the most economic use to which this land can be put, why not let our local farmers produce it, ensuring however, that the sums which would have accrued to the company as a result of what they have already proclaimed as a profitable investment, are passed on to our farmers for the same quantity of canes (or sucrose) delivered to the manufacturers.

What are the estimates for the demand of sugar over the next five or ten years? Is it increasing? Can we ensure it increases? What of beet-sugar production? What of the substitution of sugar by cyclamates that our nominated member warned us about a few months ago? Have we such short memories? What of our quota to Canada and the United States of America? What of the prospects of Cuban sugar trade with Western countries and that of overproduction in Cuba?

And finally what of the buffer-stocks in the world at present? It is absolutely essential for the people of Trinidad - and the West Indies in general - to start asking these questions before they part with scarce valuable resources at the promptings of external interests. I can think of no better introduction to international affairs.

No New Colonial Knot

"Have-not" countries are too vulnerable to fluctuations in world trade. Diversification of their economy reduces this vulnerability. If the government is too bankrupt in ideas to know what to do with 10,000 acres of good arable land, the least they can do is desist from tying the neo-colonial knot tighter.

PRICES AND COMMISSIONS

Undoubtedly we have had two Carnivals this year. One is still to come, the other done come. The antics of the Prices Commission have been keeping us in trim for the Great Festival.

With the appointment of a Political Commission consisting of those Ministers to investigate the Prices Commission's policies an prices the serious exercise is about to begin. Ash Wednesday reach.

Nearly all that could reasonably be said about the Commission, the Minister and soft drinks has already been said. But one aspect of the affair, is still as clear as muddy water. Why soft drinks? Why not gas, drugs, or as Chalkdust might say, "big car," or simply, bobol? Bobol especially; it costs a hell of a lot you know.

What was the reason, incompetence or politics? Or fear?

By EARL LEWIS

Hardly incompetence. The Prices Commission is composed of several gentlemen representing August like the Chamber of Commerce and the Trinidad Manufacturer's Association. They should know the difference between purchase price and cost price, markup and profit. They should know what a proper price for sweet drinks should be.

Politics? Maybe. The commissioners were not elected by popular vote, they did not apply for advertised positions. They were just put there presumably because they possessed certain gifts,one of them that exceedingly desirable political gift to say 'yes'.

On the other hand, the Governor General appointed then – that's supposed to make all appointments non-political; isn't it? Only we know it doesn't. Fact is everything is political these days and the politicians can do what they like. They can appoint commissions and demolish them. Have them report and ignore them. Whatever you want, they'll do, provided... They can appoint people in the private sector and all.

This means though that all those so appointed operated in a necessary dimension of fear. Here today, gone tomorrow. Appointed to perform reasonable functions in a disinterested and competent manner, big, big men seize up and ketch fright.

Truth is, though, not many of them are chosen for their strength. They are men accustomed to watching and waiting. When the wind blows, they blow. It stops, they stop. If they believe Goberment want cheaper sweet drinks, they want it too. Why? Not important. Goberment want it.

Which reminds us of a calypso song of a few years ago. One gone! One gone !! One gone !!!

MOKO WANTS TO KNOW

MOKO notes with interest that in the course of the Commonwealth Caribbean Conference the mountains have laboured with the traditional result, and that after "hard negotiations" the Conference "recognised the special claims of B.W.I.A. to be the regional air carrier."

Of even greater interest to MOKO has been the appearance, in several editions of both dailies, of a very prominent advertisement specifying the need for someone (MAN OR WOMAN) of "experience and proven ability in PR or related fields (advertising, journalism)" to fill a vacancy at B.W.I.A. in the field of PUBLIC RELATIONS. In the light of our previous questioning regarding the criteria and procedures for making appointments to such , high salaried BWIA jobs, words fail adequately to describe our joy at the departure on this occasion from what was threatening to become established practice.

However what causes MOKO no joy is the rumour, too persistent to be ignored, that the job is already earmarked for someone (female) who, to our knowledge, does not possess any of the qualifications outlined in the advertisement. What MOKO wants to know on this occasion is

1. *Who comprised the selection panel for this appointment?*
2. *Where and when were the applicants interviewed?*
3. *What salary is it proposed to pay the appointee since this is to be "commensurate with the position and the experience and qualifications of the successful applicant"?*

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